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On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

FOOTBALL: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

Next Saturday at the football game while you are sitting in your choice student's seat behind the end zone, won't you give a thought to Alaric Sigafoos?

Alaric Sigafoos (1868-1934) started life humbly on a farm near Thud, Kansas. His mother and father, both named Ralph, were bean-gleaners, and Alaric became a bean-gleaner too. Later he moved to Oregon and found work with a logging firm as a *stump-thumper. Then he went to North Dakota* where he tended the furnace in a granary (wheat-beater.) Then he drifted to Texas where he tidied up oil fields (pipe-wiper). Then to Arizona where he strung dried fruit (fig-rigger.) Then to Kentucky where he fed horses at a breeding farm (oat-toter). Then to Long Island where he dressed poultry (duck-plucker.) Then to Alaska where he drove a delivery van for a bakery (bread-sledder.) Then to Minnesota where he cut up frozen lakes (ice-slicer.) Then to Nevada where he computed odds in a gambling house (dice-pricer.) Then to Milwaukee where he pasted camera lenses together (Zeiss-splicer.)

Finally he went to Omaha where he got a *job* in a tannery beating pig hides until they were soft and supple (hog-flogger.) Here he found happiness at last.

Mr. Doubleday had invented baseball the day before....

Why, you ask, did he find happiness at last? Light a firm and fragrant Marlboro, taste those better makin's, enjoy that filter that filters like no other filter filters, possess your souls in sweet content, cross your little fat legs, and read on.

Next door to Alaric's hog-floggery was an almond grove owned *by a girl named Chimera Emrick. Chimera was pink and white* and marvelously hinged, and Alaric was instantly in love. Each day he came to the almond grove to woo Chimera, but she, alas, stayed cool.

Then one day Alaric got a brilliant idea. It was the day be*fore the annual Omaha Almond Festival.* On this day, *as every*one knows, all the almond growers in Omaha enter floats in the big parade. These floats always consist of large cardboard almonds *hanging from large cardboard almond trees.*

Alaric's inspiration was to stitch pieces of pigskin together and inflate them until they looked like big, plump almonds. "These sure beat skinny old cardboard almonds," said Alaric to himself. "Tomorrow they will surely take first prize for Chimera and she will be mine!"

Early the next morning Alaric carried his lovely inflated pigskin almonds over to Chimera, but she, alas, had run off during the night with Walter T. Severidge, her broker. Alaric flew into such a rage that he started kicking his pigskin almonds all over the place. And who should be walking by that very instant but Abner Doubleday!

Mr. Doubleday had invented baseball the day before, and he *was now trying to invent football, but he was stymied because* he couldn't figure out what kind of ball to use. Now, seeing Alaric kick the pigskin spheroids, his problem was suddenly solved. "Eureka!" he cried and ran to his drawing board and invented football, which was such a big success that he was inspired to go on and invent la crosse, Monopoly, run-sheep-run, and nylon.

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When you go to next Saturday's game, take along the perfect football companion—Marlboro Cigarettes or Philip Morris Cigarettes or new Alpine Cigarettes—all a delight—all sponsors of this column.

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